

## One Good Reason by Carerra\_os

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**Summary:**

Keith is fed up with Steve and demands a reason not to fire him.

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"I, I." Steve stops, chewing on his lip, head tilted back almost making eye contact but not quite, it is always a problem for him, one Keith is usually keen to take advantage of but he just finds it annoying right now.

## **One Good Reason**

### **Author's Note:**

I wrote this a while back, it doesn't have a polished ending, just an open ended one but I still like it so here have some kink for a ship no one asked for.

### **One Good Reason**

"I should fire you, God you're the worst fucking employee." Keith hisses as soon as he drags Steve into the backroom and pulls the door closed on the mother still giving grief over the very not pg movie put back in the wrong box. Even the stack of free movie rental coupons is only making her so tolerable, why the hell did he ever agree to hire Harrington in the first place.

"Please Keith, I really need this job." Steve insists all that high school bravado is long gone. Leaving something soft behind, something Keith almost likes sometimes. Not something the girls in town like though, he does not lure them in like Robin promised he would.

"Give me a good reason, Harrington." Keith grits out towering over Steve as he backs him against the wall so tired of catching shit for Steve's constant mistakes.

"What?" Steve asks and Keith knows it is because he was expecting more yelling, was expecting Keith to yell right over anything he says like he normally does. To keep on yelling until he wears himself out or feels bad because it turns out Steve Harrington is a crier and watching his big brown eyes fill up with tears is one thing, watching those tears fall with shuddering breaths as he curls up on himself always makes Keith feel extra shitty, lets him know he went too far and makes him go easy on Steve until he really screws up again. Keith really wants to hear a good reason to keep him around because Steve has got to be the worst employee ever.

"Give me a good reason not to fire you." Keith says again, one hand against the wall boxing Steve into the corner of the room. He keeps his voice level though, he is not trying to make Steve break and wilt into a pitiful ball that just annoyingly makes him want to coddle. No he wants a good reason to put up with all this shit, a good reason to not just fire him and be done with it all.

"I, I." Steve stops, chewing on his lip, head tilted back almost making eye contact but not quite, it is always a problem for him, one Keith is usually keen to take advantage of but he just finds it annoying right now.

"Fucking words Harrington." Keith puffs before grabbing Steve by the chin and making him meet his eyes. "One reason or you're fired. You can come up with one reason, right?" Keith insists the steam of his anger leaves him at the fretful thing that is a speechless Steve Harrington, unable to come up with even a sad excuse as to why Keith should keep him around. "Fuck you're useless." Keith sucks his teeth, turning away, sure he is not going to fire Steve, who else would hire him but he is still frustrated. He needs to find something to take out the rest of his anger on before he drags Steve down to that low place that makes him go quiet for days and makes Keith feel like scum because he tries, he does, he is just really shitty at pretty much everything.

"Wait, wait!" Steve practically shouts, Keith is not actually paying him any mind, determined to clock out early and leave Robin to clean up any mess Steve manages to make before closing time. Steve grabs him though, rushes forward to cut him off before he reaches the door leading out of the break room, eyes frantic, desperate. "Please wait."

"What?" Keith grits out pinching his brow in annoyance, he is getting a headache, motioning for Steve to hurry up when he does not immediately speak up, just stands there eyes big as he chews his bottom lip instead.

Steve clenches his fist and raises his head to meet Keith's stare head on, almost like the old King Steve, who Keith fucking hated. "I could blow you." The Visage crumples as soon as the words leave his mouth, that moment of bravado disappearing like smoke as Steve's mouth twists as he chews it and he tries to shrink away, hitting the door as he second guesses himself.

Keith's brain sticks, coming to a screeching halt as he tries to process Steve Harrington offering him a blow job to keep his job. He might think it a joke if Steve did not look so unsure, so shocked with himself for opening his mouth and offering it up. Keith cannot say the idea does not appeal to him, getting those pretty pink lips around his dick, cannot say he has never thought about Steve once or twice. Who could miss how pretty Steve is and Keith knows himself, knows he likes both but he is not so sure Steve can say the same.

"Not looking to be your first try at sucking cock Harrington move." Keith says huffily trying to ignore how hard his dick is, how it immediately rose to attention at the offer because Steve does not mean it surely, he just said it in a panic.

"You, you wouldn't be." Steve's voice is low but Keith still hears him, cannot help moving a little close boxing Steve in again.

"What was that Harrington, speak up." He barks and watches Steve's back go straight, the one thing Steve is good at is taking immediate direction as long as you keep it simple.

"You wouldn't be the first dick I've sucked." Steve says a little more clearly and Keith is curious as to who has had the pleasure, who has gotten Steve's pretty mouth around their dick before, he has some guesses but he does not waste his time querying now.

"And you want to suck my dick?" Keith is unsure, it is not as if Steve has shown interest, then again Steve has not shown interest in anyone since whatever weird shit happened at Starcourt in July.

Whatever left him scared and broke him down, made him curl in on himself when a car backfired at the garage last week, made him shake when some asshole set off a bottle rocket in the store. Keith had gone and cleaned up the ash and soot himself let Steve hide huddled behind the counter shaking until it was time to send him home

"No" Steve's immediate response is high and pitchy eyes flicking up and a flush spills over his cheeks before he licks at his lips and says "Maybe, kind of, well for my job." More of a lie than Steve is willing to admit and Keith is not dumb enough to pass up this chance.

"Alright then Harrington get on your knees." Keith is a little shocked by how readily he falls, no hesitation, just a graceful descent before hands are hovering at his waist. "Go on, you know what to do, you're familiar with the process." Keith braces a hand against the door steadying himself a little light headed because holy shit Steve Harrington is kneeling at his feet, is going to blow him, he cannot believe this is real.

Steve gives a tiny huff, Keith can feel the hot air as Steve works his trousers open and pulls him out briefly wondering how he compares to the other cocks Steve has had in his mouth. He quickly loses the thought as Steve's tongue curls around his cock head before Steve is leaning in licking over his length like some sort of melting popsicle, talented tongue curling around as he licks from base to dripping tip careful to catch any pre before it can drip down and escape him.

Keith's mouth hangs open panting as Steve seems content to keep licking. Keith is not content though, wants more, he wants to feel the inside of that plush mouth. "Harrington, open your mouth." Keith demands as he curls a hand in Steve's soft hair and pulls him back, holding him still. Steve settles on his heels, big eyes peering up through dark lashes as he lets his mouth drop open obediently and Keith groans as a spurt of pre shooting out, catching at the corner of Steve's mouth and dripping down his cheek and chin.

"Fuck" Keith curses as Steve's tongue comes out and he tries to catch the pre. "Definitely not your first time, you some sort of whore Harrington?" Keith asks hand sliding down from Steve's hair to catch the pre on his fingers, offering them up to Steve's waiting mouth, eyes a little glassy as he licks them clean with a soft pleased noise.

"Asked you a question, I expect an answer." Keith tries putting some bras in his voice and feels a little weird for it but the way Steve reacts, head nodding eagerly in agreement, eyes going hazier as he keeps sucking on Keith's fingers, clearly he is into it. "Words Harrington."

"Yeah." The answer comes immediately, words a little muffled around Keith's fingers.

"Yes what?" Keith asks quickly, getting used to the cadence as he pulls his fingers from Steve's mouth.

Keith is mesmerized by the way Steve's skin stains a darker shade of red trailing down his neck as he stumbles over the word. "Yes. I'm a whore." His eyes clear a little as embarrassment set in, his brain trying to come back from that soft place Keith has only ever read about and seen in porn. He cannot have that, is quick to tangle a hand in Steve's hair, other hand pressing his cock against Steve's lips painting them with pre, distracting.

Steve frowns for half a second before his tongue darts out and he relaxes again going as pliant as Keith will let him. "You want to be my whore Harrington?" Keith asks careful to keep his firm hold, to keep Steve connected.

Keith lets out another string of curses when Steve nods his head eagerly, before sucking the tip of Keith cock into his mouth, sucking on the head like he is trying to suck his brains out. "Alright then, be a good boy and take it all." Keith does not actually expect Steve to take him in one go nearly cums right away when he does, as Steve's nose

presses into the curls at the base of his cock. Keith slams his eyes shut. He has never gotten a blow job from someone so eager or someone who does not have a gag reflex, experiencing both at once is a lot.

Keith cannot help it, shooting down Steve's throat without warning fist shoved between his teeth to keep from shouting. He sees white, forehead pressed against the door as he shakes, feeling weak limbed as Steve keeps sucking him, even after his dick has gone soft Steve's mouth is still there hot and too much.

"Off." Keith hisses panting as Steve whines and tries to stay where he is, making a pitiful noise that makes Keith's chest hurt as he pushes him away. Steve curls in on himself and Keith feels like fucking shit about it, panting as he collapses to the ground. "Come here, Harrington." Keith says once he has regained his breath, unsure of what to do with Steve all whining and visibly hard. "Come." Keith adds the base again patting his thigh and in an instant Steve is scrambling into his lap.

He is not expecting the eager mouth that presses to his hot and insistent, tongue pressing in and slithering around his own. Keith does not even mind the slightly bitter taste of his own cum, hand coming up and curling around Steve's neck. Steve goes all buttery making sweet wanton noises into Keith's mouth, dick rocking against Keith's thigh, whining when Keith gets a tight grip in his hair and on his neck pulls him back and stills him.

"You want to cum?" He asks dick rising again as he licks over his lips before his mouth drops open as Steve begs.

"Please, please let me cum, please I want to cum so bad. Please may I cum?" Steve sounds so sweet, so desperate, big eyes hazy and begging him.

"Okay I'll let you cum but you have to do it my way." Keith insists a

little light headed again as Steve immediately nods his head in assent.

"I want you to get your fingers nice and wet, want you to fuck yourself on them while you blow me." Keith pants out dick leaking and dripping onto the knee of Steve's pants. "You can do that for me right, be my whore, want to see you fuck yourself open until you cum all over the floor."

Steve trembles and shakes hand already at his mouth, fingers sliding in as he dribbles spit all over them. Keith gives him a hand, works his pants open for him and slides them down off his ass. Keith kind of wants to explore those dotted thighs but Steve is already shifting back awkwardly moving into position as he pulls his finger free.

Keith watches transfixed as Steve leans down toward his cock, hand going back towards his ass, he strains his own back so he can watch that first finger press in. "You've done this before?" Keith asks with a groan as that soft mouth wraps around his cock, humming an affirmative that has him biting his lip and pre sliding down Steve's throat.

"Guess you aren't completely useless after all." The sound Steve makes is somehow both sad and pleased at the same time, that combined with the drop of his shoulder is like a gut punch. "You feel real good on my cock, bet you're better than everyone else." Keith tests, rewarded with a happier noise of agreement and wiggling like Steve is full of life again after withering to nothing.

Praise kink is not something Keith is explicitly familiar with but he has seen enough porn to understand the gist and it makes sense in a way. He has met Steve's distant judging parents when he worked summers at the country club, when they still bothered coming home, overheard more than one of Mr. Harrington's lectures about Steve not measuring up, heard his drunken mother call him useless countless times when he came to collect her. Steve always tried to be a good boy, tried to be what his parents wanted before he rebelled and



became King Steve and when that crumpled he tried being good like Nancy wanted and that failed him too leaving him with no one around to fill that specific void. Keith can do that at least for a little while.

**-End**

**Author's Note:**

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